THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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CAMIRE.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

I WAS one day reproaching a Spaniard, lately arrived from Buenos-Ayres, with the cruelties which his countrymen had committed on their first conquests in America. I recalled to mind, with horror, the crimes which had tarnished the glory of a Cortez, a Pizarro, and many other heroes who have, perhaps, by their talents and valour, surpassed all that we admire in the ancients; and regretted, that so glorious an epocha in the Spanish history should be recorded on blood-stained pages.

My friend had hitherto listened to me with patience; a tear rolled down his cheek when I pronounced the name of Las-Casas. 'He is our Fenelon,' exclaimed he, 'he did not compose Telemachus, but he explored America to save a few Indians; and traversed the seas to defend their cause at the council of Charles the Fifth, as the Archbishop of Cambray did that of the Protestants, whom the French also massacred in the Convennes. They were still persecutors at the end of Louis the Fourteenth's reign; and what were we? What was Europe in the 16th century, ever to be commemorated by our great discoveries, by the flourishing state of the fine arts in Italy, by the new sects in Germany, and by the crimes of every country? Our neighbours, the Portuguese, put to the sword those they conquered on the coast of Malabar, on the borders of Ceylon, in the promontory of Malacca. The Dutch, who drove them away, were not less cruel. In Sweden, the Northern Nero, and the Archbishop of Upsal, were assassinating the senators and citizens of Stockholm. In London the pile was lighted for the Lutherans and Catholics; and the scaffold was already erected which was to be sprinkled with the blood of four Queens.* At Paris, you doubtless remember the name of the Guises, and the horrid sight of the 24th of August, 1572. I will say no more, let us not reproach each other: we have all been barbarians, but leave to history the melancholy employment of recording the crimes of our forefathers, let us, if possible, only recall to our minds their good deeds, and endeavour to imitate them. You have repeated to me the terrific detail

* Anna Bullen, Catharine Howard, Jane Gray, and Mary Stuart.

of the conquest of Peru: I was but too well acquainted with it; allow me to relate to you, in my turn, the manner in which we acquired Paraguay. This recital will be less irksome, and may, perhaps inform you of some circumstances which are not related in history.

Not well knowing how to answer, I determined to listen; and the Spaniard commenced in the following words:—

Travellers have made the world acquainted with that extensive and delightful country, situated between Chili, Peru, and the Brasils. The gold and silver mines which it contains are the least of its treasures. The mildness of its climate, the fertility of its lands, the majestic course of its rivers, its immense forests, the productions of Europe, united with those of America, the abundance of its fruits, and of every useful animal, make the inhabitants of Paraguay enjoy, almost without cultivation, all the gifts which nature has shared among the rest of the world. Sebastian Cabot was the first who explored it, in the year 1526, while sailing up the river which he called Rio de la Plata. The bars of silver, which the natives offered the Spaniards, soon attracted other navigators. Buenos-Ayres was built, some fortifications were erected in the interior of the country; and, at last, a settlement was formed at a place called the Assumption, on the borders of the river Paraguas.

The natives, at the sight of our soldiers, had abandoned their country, particularly the Guaranis, a numerous and powerful people, who fled amidst inaccessible mountains, the roads to which were totally unknown to us. Several detachments had endeavoured to penetrate into them, but our warriors perished in the attempt, either by hunger, or the arrows of the savages. Thus all communication was shut between the Spaniards and the Guaranis; the lands remained in their uncultivated state; and the colony, reduced to ask succour of Europe, could not prosper.

It was in this unhappy situation, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Don Fernando Pederas was sent there as governor. A man of his character was not fit to recall the Guaranis; the haughty and tyrannical Pedreras wished that every one should bow beneath his laws. Proud of his authority, and incited by the desire of augmenting his wealth, avarice and pride were the sole inmates of his heart. He was soon detested by the colonists; and the few Indians, who now and then brought provisions, soon totally disappeared, to join the Guaranis.

Among the last missionaries arrived at Buenos-Ayres, was an old Jesuit, called Father Maldonado. Never did there exist a worthier priest, nor did the word of God issue from purer lips.

It was neither ambition nor re-

morse that had led him to seek the sanctuary of the cloister. Maldonado, pious from his infancy, endowed by nature with a mild and tranquil soul, only alive to benevolence, and who only sought for peace and virtue, had taken the vows at the age of eighteen, to enjoy the one, and preserve the other. From that moment his life had been devoted to the relief of humanity, in seeking the unfortunate, as an affectionate heart seeks for friends. Rich in the possession of a considerable patrimony, he had dissipated it little by little in sharing it with the afflicted; and at the age of sixty, he perceived he had nothing remaining, and then begged of the King to send him to America. 'I have nothing more to bestow,' he said: let me quit a country where I behold my fellow-creatures in want; at Peru, every one possesses gold, but they know not the gospel, I will preach it to them, and it is a rich treasure I shall distribute among them.

On his arrival at the Assumption, Father Maldonado was astonished to find, instead of the Indians he came to convert, nothing but christians, who stood greatly in need of consolation. He was the more zealous; hastened to visit the colonists, and found the means of gaining their confidence, listened to their complaints, relieved them, and became their advocate towards their inflexible governor. The good Jesuit was blessed by all, and even respected by Pedreras, who, since his arrival, had displayed less tyranny, for it is in the nature of virtue, and perhaps its recompence, to render better all those who approach it.

One day, as Maldonada was walking alone, at some distance from the town, while ascending the banks of the river, he heard screams and sobs, and distinguished on the edge of the water a naked child, violently agitated, by the side of a man who was lying on the ground. Maldonado ran towards the child; who was a boy of about twelve or thirteen; his face bathed in tears, he sobbing embraced, and endeavoured to animate the lifeless body of a man apparently between thirty and forty, naked like the child; his hair wet and in disorder, and bearing on his pale face the marks of long fatigue, and a painful death.

As soon as the child perceived Maldonado, he ran to him, knelt before him, and embracing his knees, and fixing his eyes upon him, his countenance seemed to express piety, affection, and despair, he pronounced a few words in a faultering voice, which the Jesuit could not understand, the language being unknown to him, but which did not the less affect the worthy father. He raised the child, and allowed himself to be led towards the body, which he examined, and found perfectly cold and lifeless. The unhappy boy contemplated the Jesuit, attentively watched all his motions, and continued to speak to him in his unin-

telligible tongue ; but when he comprehended by Maldonado's gestures that all hope was fled, he threw himself on the dead body, kissed it a thousand times, tore his hair, then suddenly starting up, rushed precipitately towards the stream.

Notwithstanding his age, Maldonado, swifter than the child, caught and held him in his arms, and forgetting that the young savage could not understand him, sought to calm his grief with consoling words. As he wept while speaking, the child comprehended his meaning ; returned his caresses, always pointing to the corpse, while pronouncing the name of Alcaipa, then turning towards the river, he pronounced that of Guacolde ; he laid his hand on his heart, and bent over Alcaipa, then again turned to the river and repeated several times Guacolde. Maldonado, who sought to read his thoughts, soon comprehended that the dead savage was his father, and was called Alcaipa ; but he could not make out why the child always extended his arms towards the river, while calling on the name of Guacolde.

After several hours spent in useless efforts to engage the child to accompany him to the town, Maldonada who would not leave him, fortunately perceived a soldier passing, and desired him to go to the Assumption, and seek for assistance.

The soldier obeyed, and soon returned with the surgeon of the hospital, who examined the body, and confirmed the Jesuit's opinion, that it was dead. At the entreaty of Maldonado, the surgeon and soldier dug a grave in the sand, where they laid the corpse, while the good father forcibly held the boy, who redoubled his tears and lamentations.

Maldonado at length succeeded in conducting the young savage to his home ; lavished on him the most soothing caresses, offered him food, and after much difficulty, prevailed on him to take a small quantity. The child did not appear insensible to his kindness ; but often kissed his hands, and looking mournfully in his face, would again begin to weep. Thus he passed the night without closing his eyes. As soon as the dawn appeared, he made signs that he wished to go out. Maldonado opened the door, and followed him. The boy bent his steps towards the spot where his father was interred. When he reached it, he knelt on the grave, kissed it several times, and remained for a considerable space prostrate upon it. He afterwards arose and performed the same ceremonies beside the river ; then returning to the Jesuit, he raised his eyes to heaven, pronounced the names of Alcaipa and Guacolde, made a sign which seemed to express that they no longer existed ; and threw himself into the arms of Maldonado, as though

to make him understand that having lost every thing on earth, he gave himself to him.

The good father's benevolent attention soon won the savage boy's affection; as mild as he was grateful, he seemed to delight in obeying his command, and even sought to anticipate them. He consented to wear clothing, and accustomed himself with little trouble, to habits which he did not understand, and which often were repugnant to him. But a sign from his benefactor reconciled him to every thing. Endowed with a lively understanding and an excellent memory, he very soon knew enough Spanish to comprehend the Jesuit. The first word he learned, and which struck him particularly when he knew its signification, was that of father, by which every one addressed Maldonado: O my father, said he, I had lost the hope of ever again pronouncing that name; but it is to thee I owe this happiness; and I see you are the best of men, for every one call you their father.

As soon as he could answer the good Jesuit's questions, he informed him of his birth and his misfortunes; it was at the tomb of his departed sire that the youthful savage related his history.

"My name is Camire,' said he; I belong to the nation of the Guaranis, whom your brethren, the Spaniards have driven from these plains, and who now inhabit the woods behind those blue mountains. I was the only child of Alcaipa and Guacolde. They had been tenderly attached to each other all their lives, and since my birth, all their affection was centered in me. When my father took me to the chase, my mother accompanied us, and when my mother detained me at home, my father remained also with us. My days were spent with them, and at night I reposed in their arms. If I was happy, they did not fail to be the same, and our hut re-echoed with their songs; if I was ill, they were overwhelmed with grief, and if I slept, they gazed upon me, and my slumbers gave them repose.

'A nation called the Brasilians, who I supposed had been driven away by your brethren, came and attacked us in our forests. A battle was fought, and the Brasilians triumphed. My father and mother, obliged to fly, hastily built a canoe of bark, in which we placed all that we possessed, which consisted of two hammocks, a net, and two bows; we then embarked on the great river, without knowing where to land, for the Brasilians were behind us, and we trembled at the thoughts of advancing towards thy countrymen.

'The river had overflowed its banks, and in its course carried away large trees: our canoe was overturned. My father supported me with one hand, while he swam with the other. My mother, who had for some time been ill, swam

with difficulty, yet she also assisted in sustaining me. But fatigue soon exhausted her strength, as well as mine; Alcaipa observed it, placed us both on his back, and swam in this manner for several hours, but could not land on account of the rocks that edged the river. The rapidity of the current dragged him on, he felt himself become weak, but concealed it from us: we were incapable of supporting ourselves above water. At last, when we arrived near this plain, where the river widening forms a sea, my father exclaimed: we are going to perish, my dear Guacolde! I cannot with my double burthen reach the shore. If you had sufficient strength to follow me for a few moments, and perhaps——. My mother, without hearing any more, let go her hold, and immediately disappeared, crying, save our son! and I die happy.

'I would have followed my mother, but Alcaipa held both my arms in his hand. He made a last effort to cross the river, reached the shore, laid me on the sand, kissed me, and fell dead at my feet.

'You, my father, soon arrived. You know the rest.'

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE lately become acquainted with a literary corps in this city, of which it may be not unamusing to insert some account in your miscellany. They assemble once in every week for the laudable purpose of improving themselves in oratory and the Belles-lettres. To avoid the excruciations of noise, and the impertinence of intrusion, they have taken a room in the upper part of the town, to which you ascend by three pair of stairs. Its furniture is rather useful than splendid, for the President is only accommodated with an armed chair, placed on the top of a table, and the members are all seated on benches, except two or three who have purchased stools, and appropriate them solely to their own use. Thirteen volumes of very valuable works are ranked according to their size, in a large book case, to which any of their body can at all times have access.

Robin Sober is a distinguished star of this literary constellation. He takes the lead in every question, and though overwhelmed with business, he finds means to inform himself of whatever has happened in the world relating to the subject in hand. He rises with dignity, bows reverently to the president, and circularly to the members with grave composure, and solemn majesty. Robin prefaces his speech with remarks on the importance the subject, laments his want of abilities to do it justice, and details the multiplicity of business which has prevented him from taking an

accurate survey of the wide field before him. As he approaches the subject, he is observed to grow warmer, has several extended both his arms in debate, and once stamped on the floor so loud as to be heard from one end of the room to the other. He has recourse to his snuff-box regularly three times during his speech, at intervals as nearly equal as may be without horological admeasurement. The main defect of Robin is that he employs infinitely less time upon the question, than upon his preface, and after enlarging three quarters of an hour upon the variety of his commercial transactions, leaves his brethren rather convinced of his importance on the exchange, than illuminated with the radiance of truth. He concludes with remarking that, although he has not had time to pursue the argument through all its ramifications, they may rest assured he is right, and that all books are in his favour.

Jacob Bookworm is famous in this luminous association for the immensity of his acquisitions, and the insurpassible extent of his knowledge. He is said to have read many large books, and in his youth to have studied the Roman tongue. He is the redoubtable antagonist of Robin; the society is divided into two parties, who hold different opinions as to which is the greater man. Sometimes they collide with a tremendous shock, and are not always able to restrain personality of reflection. Bookworm is always displaying his learning; he is forever refering to books indubitably genuine, but no where to be found except in his own library, and once puzzled the whole society with a latin quotation. Upon his opponents he presses the power of irresistible truth by the rules of logic. First he lays down his premises, and repeatedly exhorts to heedful attention, an exhortation commonly useless, because all reverence his wisdom. He then draws his conclusion by the word Ergo, with which he became acquainted at school, and has dilated on its meaning with such frequent and perspicuous illustration, that its convenience is universally acknowledged. Book-worm is acquainted with the principal Booksellers about the town, has written an account of the execution of several convicts with great pathos, and has hinted that he might one day give the world a work on the usefulness of polemical disputation.

Sammy Wizard is acknowledged to be the wittiest man in the institution. He never undertakes an argument, but sometimes has the courage to rise and declare his opinion in as few words as possible. Being once interrogated what were his reasons, he declined exposing himself to any contest. Upon an intimation from the President that he was liable to admonition for his refusal, he flew into a boisterous passion, and vehemently contended that every man had a

right to his own reason. Sammy has often interrupted a solemn argument by some ludicrous observation, for which almost every member has a grudge against him, and it is very much to be feared that his wit will one day procure for him some enormous bodily disaster, or perhaps utter extinction.

I shall conclude my account of the most eminent geniuses of this fraternity, with BOB FLASH. He is a man of moderate parts, but outrageous passions, carries every thing to an extravagant length and is always scheming projects impossible to be executed. He is full of blustering importance, of assertion without proof, and confidence without foundation. He endeavours to intimidate the members by the violence of his protestations, the ferocity of his deportment, and by liberally ascribing to all who differ from him, disordered reason, or hopeless insanity. Bob is for making the society a national affair. He would have application made to the legislature, for an act of incorporation, and for investing it with certain jurisdictional powers. Government having found all laws for the prevention of Duelling ineffectual, he thinks would make the best of what it cannot avoid, and give them the exclusive adjustment of the punctilios of private combat. Mr. Flash is incessantly obstreperous, and stuns you with the vociferation of senseless verbosity. SAMUEL TACITURN.

New-York, Dec. 29, 1807.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE'S WORKS.

LET the voluptuary delight in gratifying his sensual inclinations, the miser in counting over his hoarded heaps, and the votary of fashion spend his hours in studiously decorating his exterior, in order to catch the admiring gaze of the ignorant multitude ; but let these, whose minds are susceptible of virtuous and tender emotions, whose bosoms are warmed by the ravishing pleasures of heaven-born meditation, turn aside awhile from the busy scenes of life, from its allurements and its follies, and contemplate the works of Nature, and from the harmony which reigns therein, they will receive sweeter and more durable pleasure, than from the "languid songs of luxury the siren, the bribes of sordid wealth, or from all the gaudy spoils of pageant honour.'

The scenery of nature, rich and beautiful, is calculated to infuse into the mind of the beholder, the most noble, virtuous, and elevated sentiments ; it speaks to man a language which cannot be misunderstood. It teaches the most instructive and interesting lessons ; it raises his thoughts from low and mean objects, to higher and more dignified reflections. It affords him enjoyments innocent and unblameable, which will not divert his

thoughts from what he *is*, and what he *will* be; but every surrounding object enforces upon him the duty of looking into himself, and enquiring after the things which should engage his attention, both in respect to his present and his future condition, of which the principal objects in the book of nature are so strikingly expressive. The sun who begins his splendid course with cheerfulness and alacrity, affords a striking resemblance to the season of youth, when the cheek is flushed with the glow of health, and the passions are strong and ardent. When he arrives at his meridian glory, we may find in it an indication of the period of manhood, when the powers of the human soul shine forth in their greatest splendour, when the inclinations and affections are more consolidated; and when he sinks, with declining lustre, but undiminished majesty, into his western couch, it is strongly and most truly emphatic of the great man's glorious exit from this world of sorrow, and of his complete victory over the king of terrors, who, in obedience to the mandates of nature, bids him leave this chequered scene of life.

The grateful vicissitudes of the seasons, no less than the pleasing return of day and night, infuse into our minds the most instructing sentiments, and inspire the most grateful ideas of the omnipotence and goodness of the author of these blessings. The summer, when all the inhabitants of the earth are revivified by the benign influence of the sun, who deigns to pay the earth a nearer visit, is charmingly and most delightfully calculated for the most innocent amusements and recreations.

"Hence let me haste into the mid wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom,
And on the dark green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak,
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large
And sing the glories of the circling year.

THOMSON.

Autumn, when all the trees of the forest are bending with fruits, and the earth brings forth in abundance all things necessary for the subsistence of man, must raise in his bosom the sincerest gratitude, for thus being plentifully supplied with all good things. To this season of profusion, succeeds the cold and gloomy winter. No more does the earth teem with vegetation, or wear the appearance of pleasure and delight, no more does the early sun invite us to lave in the cool and refreshing streams, which now appear like a smoothly extended plain; no more is heard the sweet warbling of the feathered throng, nor does the rural bower invite us to spend the passing hours in its blissful shade; but all these fascinating charms and endearments have fled. But think not, oh, man, contemplation will not find sufficient scope to exercise

her power. The storms which agitate the heavens, and conceal the sun from our view; the potentace, which holds in fetters the course of the most majestic rivers, the lofty and romantic mountains, which before were bedecked with green, now entirely mantled over with snow, furnish ample matter for the thoughts of those who are held captive by the pensive sweets of melancholy. In this season, when the face of nature assumes a serious and gloomy appearance; when the cold northern blasts pierce the naked bosom of the 'houseless child of want,' while we enjoy all the blessings which flow from plenty and profusion, we ought to pause and reflect on the multiplied miseries of human life. How many are at this moment pining away in the darkness of a dungeon, without a friend to alleviate the excruciating pangs of death, and to perform the last sad offices of mortality. How many are overwhelmed with poverty, and have not wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger, or sufficient covering to shelter themselves from the keen blasts of this inclement season. How many are tossed on the boisterous and tempestuous ocean, just bidding adieu to hope, and preparing to consign themselves to a watery grave! Such reflections as these, will naturally rush upon our minds at this season, and dilate our hearts with gratitude for the blessings we enjoy, and fill us with sorrow and commisseration for the sufferings of others. When the unwelcome winter has spent its utmost rage upon the earth, destroying apparently all its productions, and rendering it unfit for sportive recreations, life-diffusing and cheerful spring at length appears, and like the sun that dissipates the vapours of the morning, disperses the cold and gloom. Now the fields assume their wonted verdure; the trees are clothed with opening blossoms, and the notes of pleasure are poured forth from the feathered tribes. Every where we direct our view, we behold nothing but delight and unbounded happiness, holding dominion over animate and inanimate nature. But, most of all, man feels its genial influence in his bosom; the chords of his heart vibrate most tunefully to the voice of love, and innocent desire; his whole soul is dissolved, and, instead of furious and headlong passions swaying his breast, every mild, generous, and noble feeling takes possession of his heart.

From thus taking a short view of the most prominent features in the volume of nature, we perceive the beneficial consequences which ensue, from contemplating its works: what noble and elevated sentiments they raise in the mind, and give us a relish for the enjoyment of pure and virtuous feelings; but this is not the only advantage they bring, they also quell and extirpate from the bosom, all those fatal passions which make continual inroads upon our peace, and

render our minds the seat of trouble and confusion.

"Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar day by day
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls.'

ORMOND.

New-York, Dec. 28, 1807.

DESCRIPTION OF A FAIR LADY,
From
Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia.

THAT which made her fairness much the fairer, was, that it was but a fair ambassador to a fairer mind.

Her hair (alas! too poor a word—why should I not call them her beams?) was drawn up in a net, able to have caught Jupiter when he was in the form of an eagle.

The fine proportion of her glove shewed what a dainty guest was wont there to be lodged.

She made the lute in his language shew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers.

Her eyes so lifted towards the sky, that one would have thought they had begun to fly thither-ward to take their place among their fellow stars.

Her face was a register of nature's wonders.

The needle with so pretty a manner made its career to and fro through the cloth, as if it would have seemed loth to go from such a mistress, but that it hoped to return thitherward again.—The cloth looked with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embraced the wounds she gave it.

READING.

ALWAYS read with the greatest attention: duly weigh the reflections and the judgments of the author. This point is of very great importance; for if you adopt this habit, reading will truly form your heart and your understanding; and in time, no book whatever can be dangerous to you. On the other hand, if you read without reflection you gradually acquire a multitude of false ideas; instead of obtaining knowledge and information, your understanding is weakened, your principles are shaken, and perhaps even corrupted.

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JUSTICE.—We ought to cherish and strengthen in our hearts, a sentiment so natural, that it is impossible to destroy it enti ely, I mean the love of justice and truth. We must guard against passions. Our ideas are then noble, our reasonings are just; we see correctly, and we judge soundly; we find no difficulty in doing justice to our enemies; if they posssess talents and merit, we not only admit it, but even take great pleasure in praising their estimable qualities.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

CHARACTER OF THE ATHEIST WOMAN.

If the whole system of morality depends entirely on the doctrine of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul, a father, a son, a husband, a wife, cannot have any interest in being infidels. How is it possible, for example, to conceive that a female can be an Atheist? What shall sustain this reed, if religion does not support her frailty? The feeblest creature in nature, even on the verge of death, or of the loss of her charms, who shall sustain this being who smiles and expires, if her hopes extend not beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, woman ought to be pious. Gentleness, submission, tenderness, constitute a portion of the charms bestowed by the Creator on the mother of men, and to attractions of this kind, philosophy is an inveterate foe.

Shall woman, naturally endued with the instinct of mystery, who takes delight in concealment, who never discloses more than half of her graces and of her thoughts, which you may divine, but cannot know; who, as a virgin and a mother, is full of secrets; who seduces so powerfully by her ignorance and whom Heaven formed for virtue and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty, and love—shall woman, I say, renouncing the engaging instinct of her sex, presume, with a rash and feeble hand, to attempt to withdraw the thick veil which enshrouds the Divinity? Whom does she think to please by this effort, alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope, by adding her petty blasphemies, and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of Spinosa, and the sophistry of Bayle, to give us a high opinon of her genius? Without doubt she has no thoughts of marriage, for what sensible man would unite himself for life to an impious partner?

The infidel wife seldom has any idea of her duty; she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue, without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasures of the world. Her head is empty, her soul hollow; she falls a prey to languor; she has neither God nor domestic concerns to fill the vacant abyss of her moments.

But the day of vengeance approaches—time arrives, leading age by the hand. The spectre, with silver hair, arched shoulders, and icy hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female Atheist; she perceives him, and shrieks aloud. Who now shall hear her voice? Her husband? She has none; long, very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of his dishonour. Her children? Ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste; her virtues

have left no traces behind them. For the first time, her melancholy thoughts are directed towards heaven; she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Unavailing regret! the last punishment of Atheism in this world, is to wish for faith, without being able to obtain it. When the Atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the delusions of a false philosophy, when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God; but it is too late: the mind, hardened by incredulity, rejects all conviction. Oh! then how profound is his solitude, abandoned at once by God and by men!—She dies; the deserted wretch expires in the arms of a hireling nurse, or of a man disgusted with her sufferings, who is surprised that she has withstood so many days the violence of her disorder. A dismal coffin contains the whole of the unhappy woman: at her funeral are seen no disconsolate sons, no dishevelled daughters, no weeping grand children, the worthy retinue which, with the benediction of the people, and the solemn hymns of priests, accompanies the mother of a family to the tomb. Perhaps, however, some unknown son, a stranger to the shameful secret of his birth, accidentally passes that way; he is astonished at the sight of the lonely bier, and enquires the name of the deceased, of the four bearers, who are about to throw to the worms the carcase which was promised them by the female Atheist.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are environed with joy; her life is replete with love; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children, her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this Christian is strengthened by her happiness; and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

Ah! can a mother require anything farther to convince her of the reality of supreme felicity, than to see her infant smile? Is not the bounty of Povidence most signally displayed in the cradle of man? What affecting harmonies! were they only the effects of inanimate matter. The child is born, the breast fills; the mouth of the young stranger is not armed, for fear of injury to the chalice of the maternal banquet: he grows, the milk becomes more nourishing, he is weaned, and the wonderful fountain ceases to flow. This woman, before so weak, has all at once acquired such strength, as enables her to bear fatigues which a robust man could not possibly endure. What is it that awakes her at midnight, at the very moment when her infant is ready to demand the accustomed repast? Whence

comes that address which she never before possessed? How she handles the tender flower without hurting it! Her attentions seem to be the fruit of the experience of her whole life, and yet that is her first-born! The slightest noise terrified the virgin: where are the embattled armies, the thunders, the perils, capable of appalling the mother? Formerly this woman required delicate food, a soft couch; the least breath of air incommoded her: now, a crust of bread, a handful of straw are sufficient; nor wind nor rain scarcely makes any impression, while she has in her breast a drop of milk to nourish her son, and in her rags a corner to cover him.

NOVELS.

It is too generally believed that love is absolutely necessary in novels. People will abandon this idea, and then the productions of this kind will be less uniform, and more instructive. If it is possible to excite such a lively interest in dramatic works, and even in epic poems, without love, why may not the same success be obtained in a novel? Sensibility can, doubtless, give sublime features to love; but love, less strongly delineated, is still capable of pleasing, because, if it does not touch the heart, it amuses the imagination. This is not the case with the other sentiments. If their expression is not perfectly accurate, they have no attractions. There is a kind of language consecrated to love, and, hackneyed as it is, it still charms a great number of readers. But for maternal love, filial love, and friendship, there is only one language, namely, that of nature. It cannot be learned; the understanding could never imitate it, but it is inspired by the heart, and no reader can mistake it. For this reason, almost all writers prefer, in general, subjects of which love furnishes the ground-work and the details.

ERRATA.

No. 8, page 121, fifth line second paragraph, for *can be seen in a house*, read *can be seen in an hour.*
No. 9, page 138 fourth line, for *the houses he kept*, read *the horses he kept.*

MARRIED,

On the 18th inst. by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. John Dolan, to Miss Ann Scary both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Benjamin Woolsey Rogers, to Miss Susan Bayard, eldest daughter of William Bayard, esq.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable *one in advance.*

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE CARRIERS'

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

OLD Time's rapid stream has put out, like a dream,
The OLD year, no longer to shine;
The NEW YEAR at birth, like a giant comes forth,
Like a giant refresh'd with good wine.

The poets now fall to their instruments all,
And greet the new comer with song,
For once let us raise our faint infant lays
And join with the gladdening throng.

In the intricate strife of political life,
We wish for no portion or part,
Our work is design'd to polish the mind
And soften and better the heart.

With battles, and seiges, and quarrels of men,
Let others their patrons surprize;
Our customers mild, though they fight now and then,
They fight with no weapons but eyes.

They march it is true to music's soft sound,
And conquests their marches attend,
But life and not death all their battles must crown,
In blessings their warfare must end.

A good woman's price, so Solomon told
(And Soloman certainly knew)
Is far above rubies—or silver and gold
That grow in the mines of Peru.

Her husband can trust to her prudence and care,
And never shall wastefulness find;
Her children rise up her blessings to share—
Her servants are grateful and kind.

She stretches her hand to the poor in the land,
She softens the orphan's loud cries;
She snatches from sorrow the widow forlorn,
And chaces the tears from her eyes.

Belov'd by mankind—she shall happiness find
While she tarries in bodily state,
And when she shall rise above the bright skies,
Taste pleasures for mortals too great.

Before we conclude our annual song,
Permit us to utter a prayer:—
Miscellany, you know, a mixture must show,
Or the readers won't relish the fare.

If you are a wife, I'll refer you for once
To the portrait before your bright eye,
If the likeness but suits, we may safely pronounce,
You want nothing this earth can supply.

If you are a maid, I pray as sincere
As ever *you* pray'd in your life,
And that you well know is hearty enough,
That you may be soon made a wife.

If you are a widow, I hope you may soon
(That is, by the way, if you can,)
Find out a smart lover to fill up the place
Of the long-lost beloved good man.

Howe'er, be you matron, or widow, or maid,
I wish you all pleasures below,
Which blest health, and riches, and virtue can bring,
Or lovers and husbands bestow.

And when death shall come, for alas! come he must,
But I hope he'll his visit delay,
May you all rise as bright as the angels of light,
To realms of ever blest day.

POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

THE flowers which round our path are strewed,
Unnoticed bloom, neglected die;
But still we pant and toil to gain
The fancied scenes that distant lie.

If Fortune's partial hand has reared
On some proud eminence our dome;
The northesn winds too rudely blow,
We sigh through sylvan shades to roam.

If haply in the mid-way path,
An humble dwelling offers ease;
The woody brow which towers behind
Breaks from our cot the summer breeze.

Or seated in a peaceful vale
Where golden fruits spontaneous grow,
The ceaseless murmuring of the rill
Meandering near, demands our woe.

With joy we greet a warmer sun,
Chacing afar the wintry gloom;
Then hope when autumn's heats are nigh,
To find in them a milder doom.

With new resolves and hopes we hail
The birth day of another year;
While o'er the follies of the past
Remembrance sheds a sorrowing tear.

Some better, easier time to mend,
So eager ever to descry;
While wandering still in error's ways,
The present glides unheeded by.

Ah! learn, while heaven protracts thy span,
Each present blessing to enjoy;
View only those within thy reach,
And covet those that do not cloy.

FITZ HERBERT.

ON LOVE.

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah! no, the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please,
But Love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal;
Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send ones heart to school.

Love, all at once, should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall;
If not an Adam at its birth,
He is no Love at all.

SONNET.

What are the gifts of gaudy gain,
Which tempt a thought the boistrous main?
And what the charm ambition shows,
That drive us mid an host of foes.

Bold is the heart that quits for these,
The paths of pleasure and of ease:
But bolder he who dare deride
The gift of gain, the charms of pride.

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